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Kwoma culture defines this as immoral only on the part of the boy.

Although a Kwoma becomes considerably more independent on entering the status of childhood, he still relies upon his parents in cases of serious injuries or sickness. If he has a bad boil, a parent or older sibling will lance it for him with a bamboo knife. They treat his sores by irrigating them with warm water in which certain herbs have been cooked. The cooked herbs are used as a sponge and the medicated water is squeezed over the sore. They pick away the proud flesh so that the wound does not heal over too quickly, and force the child to sit quietly in the sun so that its rays strike the sore. When a child suffers from an ache in the stomach or head or from a sprained and swollen joint, one of his parents will practice phlebotomy upon him as they did during the weaning period. Parents react to serious sickness in their children by specialized anti-sorcery behavior to be described later. A child coöperates in these activities, but the responsibility rests with the parents.

A child's environmental horizon widens upon his entry into childhood. When he ranges into the forest with his playmates and accompanies his parents to swamp and garden, he comes into contact with aspects of the environment which may be injurious. He learns to cope with them more and more by himself. Sometimes he discovers that aggression, at other times avoidance, is the more appropriate response. He kills scorpions, lizards, and small snakes which threaten him, but learns to avoid the larger animals. If a large snake appears on the path, he will walk around it. He keeps away from places where he may meet wild pigs or crocodiles. He learns not to step on sago bark unless the thorns have been removed and therefore to take care in walking in the mud of the swamp. He learns which of the bushes and shrubs in the forest bear nettles and which can be walked through with impunity. He learns to predict when a storm is coming so that he may return to the house before it begins to rain.

A child's parents and older siblings continue to help him avoid these dangers by warning him. In consequence, a child

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821 776 just as he did as a child. He still believes that rain and wind storms, thunder and lightning, earthquakes, and rainbows are caused by angry *marsalai*.[28] Although he takes care not to walk near the dwelling places of these supernatural beings, he reacts aggressively toward them after they have brought about the annoying natural event. If a storm is brewing, a Kwoma man will customarily repeat an imprecation: "Cursed *marsalai* who is causing this storm to come, may you be killed. May you be bound hand and foot so that you cannot move. May you be stuffed in the bottom of a hollow tree so that you may no longer annoy us with rain and wind."[29] At the end of each line of the imprecation, the cursing man spits toward the oncoming storm.

753 • 755 [776] Many Kwoma men learn to abstract the unseen sago needles which *marsalai* sometimes shoot into the feet of those who disturb them. The method employed consists of rubbing the painful spot with a leaf and of repeating a malediction which supposedly causes the needle to come near to the surface. The operator then sucks the painful spot, extracts the needle, and spits it on a coconut leaf, which is wrapped up, immersed in water for a time, and then thrown away.

825 776 When the clouds of mosquitoes are thicker and hungrier than usual, it is believed to be the work of *marsalai*. A huge supernatural crocodile is supposed to live somewhere in the great swamp below the range on which the Kwoma dwell. Mosquitoes make their home in the belly of this monster and swarm out to pester the Kwoma when he opens his mouth.

825 776 789 When this occurs, or rather when the mosquitoes are so thick that it is believed to have occurred, the men of one or another of the Kwoma hamlets will beat a special rhythm on the house tamberan gongs, a message to this *marsalai*, angrily commanding him to shut his mouth. The men of other ham-

[823] [28] Earthquakes are believed to be caused by a huge *marsalai* when he thrusts his digging stick into the ground as he plants yams. If anyone should approach his swamp dwelling, the Kwoma fear that mountains would be leveled by the terrible quake that would ensue. Rainbows are thought to be caused by another *marsalai* when he spits betel juice through the sky.

[29] The curse is repeated for all the *marsalai* who are suspected in the particular instance.

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tive girl, verbal permission from her, the environmental scene which has both public and secluded spots, etc.; the reward is sexual orgasm, satisfaction of sex appetite, and anxiety reduction. The adult habit of beating gongs against sorcery when a relative becomes ill may be used as a final illustration of the paradigm. The man's drives in this case are fear that he, too, may become ill unless the sorcery is stopped, fear that his relatives may die, and anger at the sorcerer; the response is going to the house tamberan and beating the gongs in a particular way; the cues are those which indicate that a relative is sick; and the reward is a reduction in fear and anger. Thus, although the habits become more and more complex[12] as the individual matures, the four essentials of learning and performance pertain to the behavior of individuals of all ages.

A Kwoma child learns but a small part of his cultural habits by free trial and error, that is, without some member of his society guiding and directing him.[13] Were he to do so, he would learn those habits which were most rewarding to him and to him alone.[14] This, however, is not what actually happens. He is forced to learn, not the habits which might be most rewarding to him alone, but the habits which are specified in the culture as being best. For generations before his birth his forbears have tried various ways of dealing with one another and with their environment. Those habits which were successful have persisted in the form of customs, while those which have failed have either suffered extinction or passed out of existence with the untimely death of those who

[12] It is not the particular purpose of this chapter to detail how complex habits are learned, although this is a crucial problem. Hull has suggested a very important mechanism as a partial explanation in his theory of the assembly of behavior segments. This theory, together with the integration of habits on a cultural level, should go far toward the solution of the problem. See C. L. Hull, "The Mechanism of the Assembly of Behavior Segments in Novel Combinations Suitable for Problem Solution," *Psychol. Rev.*, XLII (1935), 219–245.

[13] Limited trial and error operate in nearly all learning situations. The concept of free trial and error is used here to mean learning which takes place without the guidance or interference of any other person.

[14] See C. L. Hull, "The Concept of the Habit-Family Hierarchy and Maze Learning," *Psychol. Rev.*, XLI (1934), 33–54, 134–152.

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775 ghost to leave and not to take the soul of the one who has had
121 the nightmare. The belief in ghosts also offers an explana-
182 tion for irrational acts, e.g., fits of unexpected anger ex-
pressed toward members of the in-group. When such occur,
121 the blame can be transferred to a ghost by means of the
182 theory of ghost possession, thus preventing retaliatory meas-
787 ures which would tend to disrupt the group. Ghost possession
775 also provides a means of group catharsis of guilt and of so-
cial control. A ghost is believed to possess a person in order
to express his anger at a living relative (usually not the pos-
sessed person himself) for some sin which he is committing.
In order to make the ghost return to the land of the dead, the
proper sin must be confessed by an exorcist as spokesman
for the group. The exorcist, a relative of the possessed per-
son, lists the sins of the community one by one until the ghost
indicates the reason for his anger by means of an affirmation
from the possessed person. The sinner then promises to mend
his ways, and the ghost returns to the land of the dead. Thus,
exorcising the ghost is a group confession of sins and a
means of exerting social control. The belief in the existence
of ghosts thus fulfills a variety of functions at Kwoma and
can therefore be expected to show a strong resistance to ex-
tinction.

754 A large part of Kwoma medical practice derives from be-
755 liefs in sorcery. Whenever anyone becomes seriously ill, his
121 relatives announce this event on their house tamberan gongs
182 and command everyone in the tribe to stop sorcery. If the
[202] person continues to be sick, they call a sorcery court, at
which accusations are made and denied and evidence is pre-
sented. Finally, the relatives of the sick person may visit all
those whom they suspect of sorcery and make them drink
water as a test. Belief in sorcery thus offers an explanation
for sickness which allows for coöperative curing efforts, and
is thereby of considerable functional importance to those who
have no better theory of disease and no more effective meth-
ods of cure. A secondary function of this type of medical
practice is that it offers, in the procedures against the sup-
posed sorcerer, a formalized method of expressing aggres-

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sion[20] which is normally harmless because the sorcerer is seldom if ever discovered.

The belief in sorcery, as well as furnishing an explanation for sickness, functions as a means of social control. It stands, indeed, in lieu of a police force and strong political organization as a preventive of criminal behavior. Theft, rape, murder, and trespass, for example, are inhibited by the fear that these crimes will bring retaliation through sorcery from the person against whom the crime is committed or from his relatives. The fear of sorcery is more potent in preventing crimes than the fear of other forms of retaliation because it is considered as dangerous as realistic modes and more difficult to prevent.

Finally, sorcery provides a means whereby persons can express their aggression against other members of the society without serious consequences. Although the Kwoma probably use this mode of expressing anger only infrequently, the belief in the efficacy of the sorcery mechanism permits one to perform acts which he believes will cause the sickness and death of another person. Thus sorcery beliefs, like those about *marsalai* and ghosts, perform important functions for the members of Kwoma society.

Kwoma informants explain that it is necessary to hold the age-grade ceremony once every five years in order to provide an opportunity for the ceremonial letting of blood that insures health and normal growth to the initiates. The beliefs about blood are thus bound into the system of age-grading, which provides a hierarchy of prestige positions and, like the yam cult, provides opportunities for singing, dancing, flute playing, gong beating, wood carving, and ceremonial license. The taboo against eating pork that one has speared, which is based on the Kwoma theory of blood, prevents private consumption by the hunter and compels him to distribute the meat. This results in quick consumption, an important factor in a damp hot climate where no efficient method for preserving meat is known. The distribution of pork to rela-

[20] The announcement of sickness, the behavior at court, and the testing visits are all aggressive in character.

October 27, 1936.

114 The day before yesterday Namb went home (on the Sepik river) to put a roof on his house which he had started to build before coming to work for us. He will be gone three days and Wisep will do the cooking -- even though he doesn't know much about it. We spent the morning working up our notes and the afternoon reading and playing pounce -- a game Tip has taught me, and at which he beats me regularly.

754 Yesterday the gongs were going almost all day. A man was sick and the
● 755 gongs were 'talking' against those who had poisoned (black magic) him. Mar, our houseboy, came in very worried and said he wished we would take him to America; he did not like this fashion of making poison. Everyone [123] seemed to be rather upset about the situation. Tip and I felt that perhaps we were suspected because another man had died just after we had arrived. Mar seemed to be doubly afraid because he was working for us.

114 Toward evening I went out to see if I could shoot a pigeon with the
761 .22. Gyiyap and Sof came with me. When we had gone a short way down the path, suddenly one of the gongs began to beat in a very slow and measured manner. Both of them stopped short and their faces fell. The man had [602] died. Sof was the classificatory brother of the dead man and seemed quite upset. His jaw worked and he looked very serious. Then he delivered a very bitter tirade against the making of poison. It was a "fashion no good". The man who had died shortly after our arrival and the one who had just died had been brothers; neither had been sick very long nor were they old men. Since they were Bangus, the Waskuk were suspected -- "fashion no good". We continued down the path, but both Gwiyap and Sof were preoccupied,
764 said that the pigeons had all gone, so we returned. Almost as soon as the gong had started to toll, a wailing began...women's voices, some high,

796 comes by going home to sleep. This day is for rest. Tomorrow the singsing
346 will go on to its conclusion."

The "singsing" did not go on, however. It was postponed because one of
755 the Bongus men was very sick, and all attention was turned to beating the
754 gongs against poison. This was going on when I returned along with a lot
[796] of talk about the evils of poison, and not knowing what the place was
coming to with so much of it being practiced. Two men have died within
[123] a month, and now another one from the same sib is about to go. Tip went
to look at this man before we went to Ambunti and gave him some quinine. The
[753] next day he was better, and we thought he was cured. It seems, however,
that the natives are so sure that he is poisoned that they are turning their
attention to it rather than asking for more medicine.

[752] The poison situation was further aggravated by the fact that two days
ago a young "monki" from Waskuk was cutting wood with his father and a tree
fell on him and crushed his skull. He is still alive, but there is no hope
for him. The natives recognize this as an accident, but now the Waskuk
gongs are beating against poison. We have had no direct evidence that we
[123] are considered responsible for the bad luck that seems to have hit the tribe,
but it would be peculiar if some did not think that we were the cause of it.
They always deny this if directly questioned. Last night Kum told Wis not
to allow any old men into his house or he might be poisoned. This is all
a very interesting situation, and when we know the language a little better,
we can understand more about it.

114 November 10, 1936. Yesterday afternoon we were sitting out in front of our
house with a group of natives. [We have fixed up a small courtyard there
[372] and built a little fire in the center of it, for this seems to be an essential
part of a native gathering. They use it to dry their tobacco and light
their cigarettes.]

132 several clear and fresh days and cool nights - wonderful for sleep. And
132 even more important is the fact that the mosquitos are very few. Why this
136 is so we have no idea. There seems to be no rhyme or reason to their
[825] comings and goings. The natives have a belief that they move in a body at this time from the river villages, Yambon, Malu, etc., up to the Hongwam where they stop for a time. Then they visit each of the other Kwoma settlements in turn before moving off to the north.

123 Our gathering of data in the last week has largely been influenced by events in the lives of individuals and ceremonial affairs. Plans for the day's work which we make in the morning often fall by the way before noon. For example, a week ago a small boy who is often about the house came running in to say that Mar, one of the Hongwam youths who fetches water and firwood for us, was dead. We had given him permission to go to his bush house and garden over near Ambunti Mt. two days before, and he had gone off in good spirits. This gave us a jolt. We asked if he were "dead finish". The answer came "no got, dead liklik dasol".

We packed a few medicines and immediately started out with a half dozen of Mar's kin over the same gruelling track which had nearly killed us several weeks ago. When we arrived we found Mar sitting near a fire listless and moaning. [753] They all agreed that it was a case of 'poison' because of the suddenness of the attack and because the patient could not 'talk straight'. Even we could notice that he was mouthing his words when we could get him to answer a question. He complained of intestinal pains, but no headache, and his temperature was exactly normal. We thought it best to get him back to his house proper and out of the wet swampy hollow where he was. He protested and did not have the strength to stand on his own feet.
123 We gave him a strong purgative. During this time Wof, his father's elder
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123 755 brother who had come with us, was gathering leaves of a nettle shrub. These he arranged in the shape of a cone and whispered into as if it were a microphone. Then while we held Mar on his feet, War rubbed him down from shoulders to toes with these stinging leaves. The result, whatever the cause, was that Mar could now stand. We gave him the end of my stick, and John pushed from behind; thus we started back. His dependence on our assistance decreased noticeably as we proceeded.

Our return was something of a triumph as Wof told everyone of how we had brought Mar home. However, he was not out of danger of dying from black magic, and that night his kin beat the air with lighted bamboos to drive off ghosts.

754 753 There isn't space to list all of the aspects of the case, but it is interesting to note that Mar thinks that a man named Waremus of his own sib whose daughter Mar had recently been refused in marriage, made the poison. This is the only case we have come across where a sorcerer has been named. (I'll have to say now that Waremus is only a temporary member of the sib Rumbiman. There has been a very complicated process of splitting up and fusion of sibs here which we'll be able to talk of later.)

Mar remains about the same as when we first saw him. His appetite is good, but he lies down all day and claims that he has no strength in his "meat". He still says that it is poison although the general attitude in this regard is that when you have poison, you don't linger but die in a day or two. We are getting any number of insights and leads from this case although the case itself has us guessing.

164 [123] Mar's illness seems to have ushered in an epidemic of sickness. Several small children have malaria; many bruises and contusions have to be treated, and one man came requesting epsom salts to cure his case of water

000 After this his eyes looked brighter and we left him.

123 December 14, 1936. Kar came up in the middle of the morning soon after the
179 doctor had left and said that Suw was still pretty sick and that the doctor had told him that he had left some medicine with us. It was castor oil. I went down with some, and Kar took a spoonful in his mouth and fed Suw with it. He looked about the same as the night before. War and Waramus were there sitting on the hill. War was looking quite glum--he said nothing but greetings.

In the afternoon we got word that Suw was having a turn for the worse. When Tip and I arrived, there was again a crowd of women in the house and
[754] Kar, Kis, War, and Yat sitting outside. The men were of the opinion that Suw's illness was another case of sorcery.

755 December 15, 1936. Yesterday afternoon while we were still there, Kar went to get some banana leaves for Leatherneck (an old man noted as a sorcerer), who had felt Suw's neck and demanded the leaves. Leatherneck took the leaves, made a cone and whispered into it for a minute or so and then rubbed it on Suw's head and stomach. Yat explained that it was to rouse the poison. Leatherneck gave the leaf to Kar who tied it up to a string hanging from the roof. Tip then left. An old woman came down and sat
[152] near the mother. She looked at the baby and began to wail, but not very
[571] loudly; it was hard to tell whether this was true emotion or the expected thing. The mother joined in a little, but the other women paid little attention and kept on talking and joking. The men seemed to pay no attention, except War, who had been sitting silently by himself. He put his head down, but as far as I could see did not join in the sobbing.

123 Kar picked up Yat's young son, (3 mos.) who was there with his mother and came and sat with the child near me. I asked to hold the baby and did--

648 Overall cane, he would get boys in spite of their population policy. Later
464 Yat and Kar said that they, the "finish timers" who have already worked on a white plantation, do not want to go back to work, but some of the young people can go. Mar said he wouldn't go because he might get sick and die. Maybe it is because he is a "Rumbiman true" (loyal to Rumbima).

123 January 15, 1937. We arrived the day before yesterday from Ambunti. We saw Kar, Yat, Wof, and the children about. They all seemed glad to see us and repeated that they thought of us when we were gone, and were "sori long tu felo".

[755] War did not come to see us because he was ill. That night the gongs
[754] were beaten to fight off sorcery. I went to see him the next day, and he was very weak, but all right. Mar and Kar both told me that he been sorcerised along with Suw, Mar, and the others by people, probably of Wenyabanrara because they were friends of ours and the others were jealous of them. War asked us how long we were going to stay. I told him that I didn't know, and he said he was asking nothing and wanted us to stay a long time. This was seconded by his wife who seemed glad to see me also.

578 January 16, 1937. I was talking with a group who had just launched a canoe
593 that they had made, when loud voices were heard down below. Everyone dropped what he was doing, and after listening for a moment announced "fait i kam up nau" (There is going to be a fight) with serious faces. They ran to the scene of action--down the hill about 3 minutes beyond March's house. Mar and I set out behind them, and when we got to the scene of action, Hwal, a man of about 35 who did not talk pidgin, was leaning against Mbe talking very excitedly. His face was very white and he was trembling (with excitement? suppressed anger? fear?). He was one of the principals: his older brother Daw was the other. He was standing in front

114 [224] near Mar's. He was building a bannie (trap) to shoot a pig; he followed us around while we were shooting. We got a hornbill -- Mar and Mas cut it up. Apokwiyampa took part home and ate it with Pokodaya. Then toward evening they both came back to sleep with us. The mosquitoes were terrific. We sat about talking for a while and then decided to get the flutes which were at Mar's . We played the flutes for a couple of hours. Apokwiyampa was teaching Mar and Mas. He was very patient with them. He would sing out the tune for them, and then they would try it. Finally we built a fire under the bed and slept. Mar and Mas slept on one, Poka and Apokwiyampa on the other. This morning Pokadaya left early. Mar, Mas and I had breakfast and then went to look at Apokwiyampa's trap. Then we went back to the house. Mas took a short trip and came back with a bunch of bananas. They were Latai's, but since Mas is his nephew, it is all right. We cooked and ate some. He gave the rest to me but asked me to pay Latai. Awambaka and Apinokw came to help carry my bed back, and we returned. Pokataya and Apok came too. War is taking out yams.

Yamangamp came to get some water with a lantern. He went back to [154] Wisep's house and called out to me that he saw a man running down the road to the house tamberan. He yelled to Mar and May. They went down to the house tamberan to find Wof, Marok et al there. They came out and claimed to see his tracks going down past Marok's house. They thought he was someone coming to hear them talk of poison. Yamai was looking out for poison. (Mamb and Mar are away, and he is jumpy - he stayed awake all last night.) May explained that all the big men walk about at night. They were not afraid of a man's bone.

323 March 7, 1937. Marok fired his pots this afternoon. Two men came from 754 Wenyabenkura this evening. They were making the rounds of Hongwan, getting 755

754 all the men suspected of poisoning to blow on a leaf. If the man does
755 not do this, it is proof of his guilt. If he is the poisoner and does this, the sick person will recover.

593 March 8, 1937. War went to Yelagu alone. He held one spear poised in
[511] his hand and two others cradled in his left arm. When the Yelagus saw him coming, they all ran away--women, children, etc. One old man stayed behind.
[231] He killed a dog and gave it to War and told him that he had nothing to
[431] do with Asanampa, that she had run away, and he did not know where she was. War told him to give him some 'tambu' too, which he did, and War returned. War carries three spears with him wherever he goes.

348 March 11, 1937. I went to watch them building a bush house (to teach boys -- Mar, Kumb, Mas, May, Ghiyap and Mar). It is a little way off on the road to the market on a small mountain. They used saplings for side posts; two center posts and ridge pole were cut. The roof was of marratta, but there were no sides. Spathes were split and two put on at a time. Then two were put on in other directions and all four tied.

600 March 12, 1937. Hayamahwa went to Sowinambi's again. Kumb was breaking ground. Mar was washing sago.

578 March 18, 1937. I came back from the station. Yit has returned. May says he will not fight him because his father said "i no nother pelo man". Despite this, however, says May, he would fight him if he wanted to.

754 March 21, 1937. Yesterday afternoon Hwalump and a large gang from
578 Wenyambankura came by. They had been to Sowinambi's for sunga mweni. They had spears. Say came to Yet's and told him that the result of the talk of the day was that since there were no Hayamahwa present, it was they who were responsible for poison. Yet grabbed a spear (so he says) and called on Mamoy to fight, but Mamoy refused. He came by the house towards dark

Magical verse to cure a boil

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walé kwiyé na foso	Growth on breadfruit go away
mogwi na foso	Breast go away
yatoké na foso	Leg go away
tabac na foso	Tobacco go away
krík na foso	Penis go away
mandé né na foso	Testicles go away
hafoké né na foso	Shoulder go away
ugwi né na foso	Water go away

533 Songs are not only sung in chorus (hogwaiiju), but also with a leader
192 and chorus (hogwisawat).

November 29, 1936.

*115 [584] [123] A week or so ago Gwiyap turned over a girl to Mar. She evidently did not like the exchange, for she told him that she would marry him only if he gave her a razor blade. Mar came to ask me for this. I asked if he wasn't going to give it to her, but he said, "No, tomorrow."

December 4, 1936.

*115 123 Fit ran up to us saying that Mar lay dying at the bush house. We packed medicine and made the arduous trip there as fast as we could. His fiancee and sisters were there, and Mar was lying on a bark bed moaning. He seemed unable to talk but only to groan inarticulately. We took his temperature which was normal and his pulse was slow but strong. We asked him where [754] the pain was, but he shook his head. His uncle diagnosed the case as sorcery and said, "Well, if he dies he will die, that's all." This elicted a groan from Mar. When we said that we had some medicine which would counteract sorcery, Mar lifted his head and looked at us. We gave him some eno's salts and then suggested going home as the bush house was damp and lonely. We tried to get him to stand up but with no success. We told him to lie down for a while first, which he did, remaining practically inarticulate but noticing everything that went on. If something happened behind him he would turn his head quickly to look at it. The only thing that seemed to cheer him at all was our saying that we were strong and poison could not hurt us or any of our friends. While we were still there, War sent Fit for *115 123 nettle leaves. These he got and War arranged them is a sort of cone, held 755 them in his hand, and blew in them for a while, muttering or whispering a sort of prayer or exortation. Then he approached Mar and told him to stand up. We helped him to his feet. War then rubbed the leaves first on Mar's chest and then on his legs. Mar gasped and his legs stiffened. He groaned a little but said nothing and made no attempt to stop the process.

*115 123 [755] After the treatment he sat down again and resumed his moaning. Later Mar sent Fit into the bush for more and larger nettles. When Fit returned with them, Mar noticed him and put his hands up to us to be lifted up. After another rub down, Tip and I put his arms over our shoulders, one standing on either side of him, and started off. As the journey progressed we found he had to be supported less and less. We went slowly, stopping quite frequently to rest. The trip took two hours, and we were exhausted at the end. When we reached home, Mar slumped down on his sago bark bed and resumed his former state. We left him and went to visit again in the evening after Owiyap had come up saying he had had a relapse and wanted us to see him. When we arrived he was in about the same state as when we had first seen him at the bush house. We gave him three caseara pills and left. December 6,1936.

Yesterday Mar was better, but not much. He was lying on his bed and moaning. He had not had a bowel movement; his temperature was still normal. We gave him a dose of 4 teaspoons of epsom and rubbed his face, chest and back with ambrosia, to which he reacted in much the same manner as to the nettles. In the afternoon he was somewhat better. Owiyap reported that his bowels had moved and that he had eaten.

*115 787 This morning Owiyap came in and told us that Mar died during the night but then came alive again. The story he told was that during the night Mar had been visited by the ghost of his older brother who had told him to come to the land of the dead. Mar at this point called out to his mother, "Mother, come! My brother is here and I am going to die." His mother has a large ulcer on her foot and could not come down from the next house where